MARVEL

Real Heroes

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CAUGHT IN THE MEDUSA WEB!

alone in a crowd

December 12. San Francisco. 8:32 p.m.

One week ago, the Russians discovered OIL beneath the Siberian tundra. Enough to rival the Arabs. No one knows how they found it or how they are managing to get it out. BUT THEY ARE.

Three days ago, that STARBRAND sissy in the tights saved a busload of kids in a flood. They're calling him a hero now. MEDIA DARLINGS CAN DO NO WRONG.

Yesterday, I found out that two weeks of very dangerous investigative reporting were a waste of time.

The Sanctuary house here in the city BLEW UP. SEVENTEEN PEOPLE DEAD. Three in critical condition. VERY LITTLE left of the bodies to provide positive ID's.

THE SUPER KIDS ARE GONE.

SPECIAL THANKS TO COLLEEN DYKE AND THE GOOD FOLKS AT GOLDEN AGE COLLECTABLES.

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Scanned by Toker The Kid

The by-line is ANDREW CHASER. I'm a freelance journalist. Maybe you caught the piece in the PHILLY INQUIRER. Maybe not.

That had been the best story of my life until I found out about the PROUDHAWK FILE.

A group of runaway, supposedly PARANORMAL CHILDREN hunted by the government because of their uncontrollable powers.

SPIELBERG and LUCAS couldn't come up with a better script, right?

'SCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE PLEASE, *ANN?* YOU KNOW HOW ME AND *PULITZER* GET WHEN WE'RE MUSING...

CLICK

I *REMEMBER.* YOU *DID* DESTROY *THAT* TAPE, DIDN'T YOU?

OF COURSE.

Not.

Ann Madeira's a good cop. A good friend. Technically she shouldn't be letting me do this, so I DO owe her. But I'll NEVER destroy that tape.

Too much of an ego boost. As if I needed one.

Look at this mess. RUINED. Like my story.

What about those poor children? Proudhawk's kids--with their incredible abilities--could they have--

--survived?--

WHAT THE--

I'm too young for a heart attack.

PHEW! WAIT A MINUTE...

YOU'RE JESSUP, RIGHT? *TYRONE JESSUP?*

YEAH, SO? WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

A FERRARI. MY NAME'S CHASER. YOU CAN CALL ME *SCOOP.* I'M A REPORTER--I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS--I WANT TO HELP...

"...I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU."

St. Francis Hospital, Intensive care unit. 9:43 P.M.

I hate hospitals. Smells like... mortality.

Told the nurse I work for the EXAMINER. What the hey, they can't afford me anyway.

COULD YOU EXCUSE ME PLEASE, NURSE?

LIKE TO BE ALONE TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS FOR LATER.

OF COURSE, MR. CHASER.

THANK YOU. AND WHEN I WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR AGAIN IT'S *ANDY*, OKAY?

Keep it up, Scoop. Pretend you're not about to lose your dinner. Pretend it doesn't matter.

PRETEND IT DOESN'T HURT.

TYRONE JESSUP.

Made varsity basketball as a freshman. Set two county track records for the hurdles and the high jump. Could play center field like WILLIE MAYS--but he hit like BOB UECKER.

This is Tyrone Jessup. Doctors say he has THIRD DEGREE BURNS OVER SEVENTY PER CENT of his body. THE REST ISN'T MUCH BETTER.

They can't graft yet. They can't shake him out of his "COMA". All they can do is keep the iv going and pray.

THEY JUST TOOK ME OUT OF *ICU* TWO DAYS AGO.

I... UH, BEEN WATCHING THEM. TAKE CARE OF ME AND STUFF. THEY CAN'T DO MUCH, I GUESS.

I WOULD GO BACK IN... BUT WHEN I WOKE UP... IT *HURT*... A LOT. *I WAS SCARED*. I LEFT MYSELF. I HAVEN'T GONE BACK *IN THERE* SINCE.

SO I'M STUCK IN MY *ASTRAL FORM*... FOR A WHILE, I GUESS. IF-- *UNTIL*-- I GET BETTER.

YEAH, RIGHT. ABOUT THAT *ASTRAL FORM* STUFF...

...I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO THIS TAPE. I INTERVIEWED A FEW OF THE FOLKS UP AT *FOUNDATIONS* ABOUT YOU KIDS.

CLICK

YOU WANT TO HEAR THIS.

DECEMBER 15, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

"LINDSEY, I GOTTA TELL YOU, THIS ROOM IS PRETTY *FRUGGLY!*

"UHM... NO OFFENSE OR NOTHIN'."

NONE TAKEN. MY STEPFATHER RUNS A MEAN HOTEL, BUT THE SLUG'S SENSE OF STYLE WENT OUT WITH *MIAMI VICE!*

NO KIDDIN'. LEAST THE STRINGS ARE COOL.

OH, THE *GUITAR?*

THE PLASMATICS STAYED HERE IN '83. STEPSLUG HAD THEM THROWN OUT. THEY LEFT A LOT OF THEIR STUFF.

PLASMATICS, HUH? CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR WHERE IT'S *BEEN*, BUT...

YOU PLAY?

YOU...

THE GUITAR, AMONG *OTHER* THINGS...

Lindsay Falmon
IRENE THE MAGICIAN
The Brilliant

...WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL PLUG IT INTO THE STAGE AMPS AND CRANK IT UP FOR YOU!

DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL DO WITH THE CAST HERE...

NO EXCUSES!

...BUT HERE GOES!!

bzzz

CLAP CLAP CLAP

WAYNE--THAT WAS *GREAT!!*

JEEZ, I WISH YOU'D ASKED ME TO SING, THEN!

I HARDLY THINK MAKING *MORE* NOISE WOULD HELP AT THIS POINT, YOUNG MAN.

MISTER MARRISS!

GENE?

LINDSEY, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT I DON'T WANT YOU SPENDING TIME WITH THE *GUESTS*--

THAT'S *BOGUS!* LET GO OF MY ARM!

I THINK IT'S WELL PAST TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO BED.

AS FOR YOU, *MR. TUCKER*, I STILL DON'T KNOW *WHERE* YOU GOT THE MONEY TO *AFFORD* A ROOM IN MY HOTEL, BUT I WILL FIND OUT!

WAYNE TUCKER IS A TELEPATH. HE CAN READ AND CONTROL MINDS.

FOR SIX DAYS, HE'S BEEN PUSHING MARRISS INTO THINKING A DOLLAR WAS A HUNDRED.

HE'D LIKE TO PUSH THE HOTEL OWNER INTO LEAVING HIS STEPDAUGHTER ALONE.

SLAM!

BUT HE CAN'T...

...HE WON'T. HE PROMISED HE'D NEVER PUSH ANYONE OUT OF ANGER AGAIN.

HE PROMISED HIMSELF. HE PROMISED HIS GOD.

MISTER MARRISS?--

WHERE THE--?

"HE'S ON LINE AGAIN. FINALLY.

IT CAN WAIT, MARRISS.

"WHAT'S GOT HIM IN SUCH A HUFF? HE CAN'T *SCAN* YOU, CAN HE, *IMPRINT*?"

"NAH. *WHITEY* SCREWS UP TUCKER'S POWERS. YOU THINK SHE TURNED DOWN HIS ROMANTIC ADVANCES?"

"AH, WHAT WOULD WHITEY KNOW ABOUT WOMEN ANYWAY?"

"NOW MY WIFE--"

"I THOUGHT SHE VAS YOUR EX-VIFE?"

DON'T INTERRUPT.

YOU COULDN'T FORCE A ROMANTIC ADVANCE ON HER AT GUNPOINT!

COLD WOMAN, THAT ONE...

HE EES SIGNALING US NOW. THE BOY HAS GONE UPSTAIRS. HE EES BEYOND EEMPRINT'S *RECORDING* ABILITIES. NOW ABOUT YOUR VIFE, *BACKFIRE*?

AGH, FERGIT IT, *THUNDERHEAD*.

DONNER KOPF, EEF YOU PLEASE.

YEAH, WELL THESE *CODE NAMES* ARE ALL PRETTY STUPID ANYWAY, SIR, EH?

I MEAN MY NAME IS *GEORGE*, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! *BACKFIRE MY BUTT!*

YES, VELL, I PREFER MY-- HOW DO YOU SAY IT-- PRIVATELY?

PRIVACY.

YES. FOR MY FAMILY, FOR ME.

YEAH, WELL, WHAT'RE YOU IN THE *WEB* FOR THEN?

THE MONEY.

SURE, THERE'S THAT, EH?

AND MORE. VE ARE SERVING A *VERY VITAL FUNCTION*, DON'T YOU SEE?

NOK NOK

ALL I SEE IS *WHITEY* AT THE DOOR.

PHILOSOPHY ASIDE, WE GOT TO CHECK IN WITH THE BOSS.

'YO, *BABEL*?

HALLO, HERR IMPRINT.

YEAH, THE MARK'S STILL HANGING AROUND...

...HE SEEMS PRETTY STUCK ON THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOTEL OWNER. HER NAME IS FALMON. LINDSEY. YEAH, MARRISS IS HER STEPFATHER. HE'S A REAL JACK-ASS TOO. SHE'S KINDA CUTE...

YEAH, OF COURSE I'M LISTENING!

FINE, WE'LL PROCEED AS PLANNED, YOU JUST REMIND *ELECTRIQUE* ABOUT THAT--*REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IN CAIRO*...

...YEAH, OKAY. FINE. YES. ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! *WAYNE TUCKER'S AS GOOD AS BAGGED!*

December 16, Golden Gate Park. 6:12 p.m.

CIA, paranormals, exploding houses, ghost boys. OY VEY. Doesn't help when you're trying to cut down on the smoking, you know?

MEDUSA WEB. I'm in hip-deep now.

How do I tell him? He's been so--UP--since we met.

SWISH! GAME AT THE BUZZER!

Kid finally has someone to talk to. Must be real tough what he's been going through.

It's going to get worse.

HEY, TY, HOW YOU DOING TODAY?

GREAT, SCOOP. TRIED *FEELING THE ELECTRICITY* AND *OTHER* STUFF, LIKE YOU SUGGESTED, BUT I REALLY COULDN'T...

YEAH, WELL, IT'S PROBABLY GOING TO TAKE A WHILE.

LISTEN, TY, I GOT THE PROVERBIAL *GOOD NEWS* AND *BAD NEWS* HERE...

SEEMS SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS MAY HAVE SURVIVED ALSO...

THAT'S GREAT!! WHO?!

DON'T KNOW. LISTEN, ABOUT THE BAD NEWS...

SEEMS THE GOVERNMENT HIRED AN *INTERNATIONAL GROUP OF BOUNTY HUNTERS* TO BRING IN WHOEVER IT IS...

"...DEAD OR ALIVE."

WHERE ARE THEY?

"SEATTLE..."

SEATTLE, DECEMBER 18.

NOK NOK

LINDA...? C'MIN.

NO, MR. TUCKER, NOT MY DAUGHTER.

WHAT NOW, MARRISS?

I'VE RECEIVED SEVERAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE NOISE...

YOU'RE *FULL OF IT!* I'M PLAYIN' IT *COLD*, YOU IDIOT! I DON'T HAVE AN AMP!

NEVERTHELESS, YOU... YOU... UH...

SPIT IT OUT!

I'M SURE ZEY ARE TRYING, MONSIEUR TUCKER, BUT PERHAPS ZEY ARE SIMPLY SCARED STIFF, NON?

chch chrakkk

zzzxxx

WHAT THE--

SSSS

CAN YOU BLAME ZEM? MY NAME IS *ELECTRIQUE*, WAYNE...

VvvssstttE

LET ME SHOW YOU WHY!!

CAN'T LOCK ON TO HER MIND...

IZZZZAAAKKK

TUMP!

CHSSSZZZAAXX

KCHISH

AAAAAAAAA

TUPTH!

I'M GETTIN' REAL TIRED OF CLEANIN' UP HER MESSES EVERY MISSION!

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

RIGHT.

KEEP AN EYE OUT, WHITEY...

LET'S TAKE THIS SLOW. WHAT FLOOR WAS TUCKER ON?

SIEBEN.

GET OUT OF THE WAY!!

SHZZZAATOOM!

UH-OH.

VAIT, HERR TUCKER!

HOW MANY OF 'EM ARE THERE?

STOP!!!

UUGHFF

LET'S MAKE THIS EASY, EH?

CLIMB... YOUR... MOTHER'S...

A MECHANICAL IMPLANT ENABLES DONNER KOPF TO PROJECT HIS VOICE IN CONTROLLED SONIC BURSTS. THIS WAS A WHISPER.

DON'T TALK ABOUT MY MOM... SHE WAS NEVER *CONVICTED* OF ANYTHING!

CRASH

ONLY HAPPENS ON TELE-- UGH-:'-

I THINK I LOVE YOU, FALMON...

SINCE I CAN'T SEEM TO PUSH ELECTRIQUE...

SIC HER, LOUDMOUTH!

HHHOOO

DONNER KOPF... IMBECILE! ARRETERE!

OH, MY ACHING FACE.

NOW WHAT?

SCREEEE

WE GET OUT OF HERE.

WOOO WOOO WOOO

"WE"?

HOW ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO FIND YOUR WAY AROUND SEATTLE?

GOOD POINT. NOW TELL ME WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS...

MEANWHILE, TWO BLOCKS BEHIND THEM...
JE TE TUER, SI JENES BE AFIN QUE AVOIR PEUR DE TU...
GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS SEE YOU.
YOUR FRENCH IS AS PATHETIC AS YOUR FIGHTING SKILLS.
SSSZZZLKK
AU REVOIR!
IT'S OKAY--I'M WITH THE GOVERNMENT. NAME'S McPHEETERS. WE WERE PURSUING A KID AND MY PARTNER WAS INJURED...
A KID DID THIS?
TRUST ME. HE TOOK OFF IN A BLACK FIREBIRD, '86 OR '87. A BLONDE GIRL WAS DRIVING.
WE HAVE SOMEONE ON THEM RIGHT NOW, BUT WE'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO PROTECT CIVILIANS.
YOU ARE BECOMING QUITE GOOD AT LYING TO LOCAL AUTHORITIES.
YEAH, WELL, IT'S A SKILL I'VE BEEN DEVELOPING SINCE CHILDHOOD, EH.
NOW LET'S SUCK IT UP...

"...AND LET'S FIND THAT LITTLE DIRTBAG!"

NO. I CAN'T LET YOU RUN AWAY WITH ME, LINDS...

I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME?

I DO, BUT LOOK AT ME. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM? WHY THOSE PEOPLE WERE AFTER ME?

THEY WERE PARANORMALS. LIKE STARBRAND. FIGURE YOU'RE PROBABLY ONE TOO.

JUST LIKE THAT? DON'T YOU--

ZZZAXX

SCREEECH

I BELIEVE YOUR BATTERY EEZ DEAD.

CARE FOR ME TO JUMP EET?

WE'RE HISTORY.

MAYBE RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA...

GET OUT OR I WILL KILL YOU IN ZE CAR.

EET WOULD BE A VERY EMBARRASSING WAY TO GO, I ASSURE...

...YOOO

AAAARRGH

SHVOOMAZZZ-

AACTOOOM

NOW WHAT?

LONG TIME, NO SEE, WAYNE!

JESSUP? TY!! YOU'RE ALIVE?!

UHM...YEAH, KIND OF. WHAT'S GOING ON?

LINDSEY, THIS IS TYRONE, HE'S... A FRIEND. HE'S PARANORMAL TOO.

COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK NOW.

LET'S HOPE NOT, TY, WE GOT TROUBLE, I'M GETTING CHASED BY--

WOOO WOOO WOOO

HUH?

AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP OF PARANORMAL BOUNTY HUNTERS.

WOOO WOOO WOOO WOOO

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.

PLEASE--LISTEN TO ME--I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE...JUST LET US GO--

OFFICER...LET US HANDLE THIS. IT'S WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

NOW, TYRONE, LET'S SHOW THE GOOD PEOPLE THAT *US* PARANORMAL TYPES AREN'T *ALL* NUT CASES, EH.

NOOOO!!!!

WHAT HAPPENED? HOW WAS I ABLE TO GET MY VOICE THAT LOUD?

KCHSHISH

THEY DON'T CALL ME *BACKFIRE* FOR NOTHING, BOY. YOU TRY TO HURT ME--IT BACKFIRES.

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE TRY TO HURT THE GIRLIE...

KLIK

UGHH:::
DON'T FAINT ON ME--
GUN
GOOD WEIGHT, EH?
OW
BLANKS
BLANKS
FROM NOW ON, BLANKS
BLANKS!! HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE FOOT ONCE, HE'S ONLY GOT BLANKS IN THE GUN!
OH THIS JUST STINKS.
DON'T IT THOUGH--
KRAK
WE'RE OUT OF HERE!
THE COPS--

NO PROBLEM.

MMMM

QUITE THE BIG MOUTH, BUDDY.
ZZZZ
WAS ES?--
AAAGHH!!
PAKA
GEEZ-- WHAT AM I DOING? WHAT AM I BECOMING?
TUD
WOOOO WOOOO WOOOO WOOOO
YEEEEHAH! WE'RE OUTTA HERE!!
CHECK BEHIND US, CLYDE...
CAKE WALK, BONNIE...
STOP AND SLEEP!
NOW ABOUT THAT LITTLE STUNT WITH THE GUN BACK THERE...

SO GO FIGURE, CASPER-- SHE'S A PARANORMAL TOO!
THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE WOODWORK...
SERIOUSLY, LINDSEY... ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO STICK WITH US?
I MEAN, THESE CLOWNS TODAY ARE PROBABLY JUST THE START!
CLOWNS? I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO...
...DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE?
YES. TOO WELL.
THEN YOU KNOW WHY I'D RATHER STAY WITH YOU...
THAT SETTLES IT. I GUESS.
JUST FOLLOW OUR CAB, TYRONE...
WHY CAN'T YOU GO BACK TO MARRISS-- I MEAN, DO YOU MIND IF I ASK?
I KNOW-- WITH MY POWERS-- I'VE KNOWN THINGS ABOUT STEP-SLUG... I'D RATHER NOT GET INTO IT.
JUST TRUST ME WHEN I SAY I'M SAFER WITH YOU THAN WITH HIM.
WHY ARE YOU STILL HOLDING YOUR HAND?
TAXI
I THINK I BROKE IT PUNCHING OUT BACKFIRE.
STILL FEEL SAFER WITH ME?
WHERE TO?
PIER SIXTY-NINE, THE PRINCESS MARGUERITE. WE'RE TAKING THE FERRY TO VICTORIA.
LET'S SEE THOSE CLOWNS TRY FOLLOWING US INTO CANADA!

"STILL FEEL SAFER WITH ME?"
"WHERE TO?"
NO...I DINK HE BRODE MY FWIGGIN' NOSE, OTAY?
YETH WE SDILL ON DERE TWAIL, FER CWYIN OUD LOUD!
"PIER SIXTY-NINE, THE PRINCESS MARGUERITE. WE'RE TAKING THE FERRY TO VICTORIA."
OH, GIB ME A BWEAK, OTAY? DE GIRL WAS A PAWANORMAL... WELL DON'T GO GEDDIN MAD AT ME!
I SWDERE, I'M GONNA GILL HIM IF HE DON' SHUDDUP!
DIDN' SAY NUDDIN' BOTH... YEAH, IMBWINT IS GODDEM ON WINE...
NO...OH WE PWETTY BADWY SCWEWED ...ELEGTWIQUE DISAPPEAD' AN DUNDERHEAD BWOWED UP...
NO-- FWIGGIN' GHOST-BOY BWOWED UP HIS MAX DING-A-MAJIG...

BOTH... IMPWINT'S WOSIN' CONTAC'-- WHAD SHOULD WE DO?
FOWWOW DEM, HE SAYS...
TEWWIFIC.
CLICK
MY NOSE SDILL BWEEDIN?
THEY HAVE FAILED. ONE IS MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD, ANOTHER SEVERELY INJURED.
IMPRINT OKAY?
AS ALWAYS. HE'S A PROFESSIONAL, TROUBLEMAKER. LIKE YOU.
CLICK
NOW IT'S UP TO THE REST OF US TO FIND THE OTHER CHILDREN...
MEDUSA WEB REPORT, ASSIGNMENT 17. ENTRY 102. LOS ANGELES. OUR FIRST ATTEMPT TO RECRUIT OR TERMINATE THE CHILDREN KNOWN AS PSI-FORCE HAS FAILED.
WE MUST SUCCEED IN THE SECOND PHASE. THE FUTURE OF THIS PLANET DEPENDS ON THE ASSIMILATION OF THOSE CHILDREN IN THE PLANS OF THE WEB...
NEXT ISSUE: SHOWDOWN IN SAN DIEGO!!

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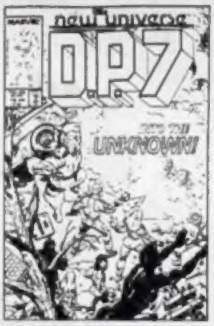
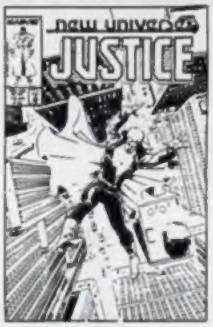
universe news

new universe checklist

☐ PSI FORCE #18



☐ D.P. 7 — Special tie-in to THE PITT!



☐ JUSTICE #18

☐ THE PITT #1

Pro File

Assistant Editor on: *M*
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HANDBOOK; writer
SPIDER-MAN, AMA
ZARD; MERC.
Marvel freelance c
My hobbies are: C
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The single work
Lisa.
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Ann-Margret.
My parents told me I
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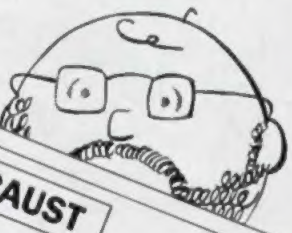

AMERICAN HOLOCAUST

Newsworld

December 28, 1987 $2.00

PITTSBURGH: What Happened?

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Mark has
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t editor Disco
ugh the bullpen,
Howard Mackie
e useless dance

raze end? Will Editor
co continue to moon
break dancing Bub
Ralph Macchio? Stay

ESTION OF THE MONTH

a was it to destroy Pittsburgh?

Mackie's." — John Byrne, STAR BRAND writer.

ruenwald's." — Howard Mackie, New Universe Editor.

Byrne's." — Mark Gruenwald, D.P. 7 writer.